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The



Citizen.

Wayne County Organ the REPUBLICAN PARTY

66th YEAR.

HONESDALE, WAYNE CO., PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1909.

NO. 94

IMPRESSIVE SERVICES AT GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH YESTERDAY MORNING

REV. DR. SWIFT, PASTOR OF THE HONESDALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SPEAKER OF THE DAY.

Thanksgiving services were held in the Grace Episcopal church by the combined congregation of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Baptist and Episcopal churches.

I would be altogether untrue to myself and lost to every whisper of honor if I did not publicly express my keen appreciation of the invitation from the scholarly, genial, broad-minded Rector of this church to speak from this pulpit to-day.

It is said that Leonardo di Vinci held a lyre in his hand while he painted. "This was one of the secrets of his superb work as an artist—his heart was joyful—no one can do his best work with a sad heart."

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"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Never was it more true than to-day, as we gather for worship in God's house. A year of plenty! God's chariot wheels have dropped fatness from Maine to California—North, South, East, West is prosperity.

Do you give thanks for this or that? —No, God be thanked, I am not grateful.

I only know that every day brings good above My poor deserving; I only feel that on the road of life true love Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever turn the path may take to left or right, I think it follows The tracing of a wiser hand, though dark or light, Across the hills and in the shady hollows.

Whatever gift the hours bestow, or great or small, I would not measure As worth a certain price of praise, but take them all, And use them all, with simple, heartfelt pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless The hand that feeds us; And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness, Our very heart-beats praise the Lord that leads us.

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Yes, I know all about the undercurrent of sadness in many hearts as we come to this festival of cheer. How hard it is to wear the smiling face when hunger—the hunger of love is gnawing at the heart, as we think of one short year ago, and of the empty chair at the fireside, and the table; but God, in his wise and loving purpose has led our dear ones on, and has come into our lives only to soften and refine us, while in this way we become partakers of the Divine nature and the glory that shall be revealed.

And thread them like a rosary of pearls, To count them o'er and keep them all in mind.

A day of sunshine where we looked for rain, A sudden bird-sing when the skies are gray; The first frost-painted leaf that flutters down, The breeze that blows some vexing thought away;

The sleep that bears us far from troll and care, And gives new strength to meet the day's demand; Ah, oh, above the rest, the faithful friends Who always love and always understand.

Yea, life hath many sorrows for us all, And hearts grow faint with long-continued ill; But let us clasp our rosary of joys And hold them in our dear remembrance still."

One fact stands out supreme in our lives, if we are God's children, and 'tis true that he has revealed his great heart in Jesus Christ, and that is: That he loves us—and so makes all things to work together for our good; the storm—the blinding lightning—the reverberating thunder—the crash of falling hopes—life's bitter disappointments. What a wonderful thing is human love, and yet it only faintly tells us what God's love means. Dr. Coyle tells us the story of a mother's love—the love that comes nearest to God's love: "In our great Civil War there was a woman up in Maine who received a letter which ran like this: 'Willie is sick; he is dying.' The mother read the letter, and looking at her husband, she said, 'Father, I must go to Willie.' 'No, wife, you cannot go,' he replied sadly. 'It is impossible. You know there is a line of bullets and bayonets between you and Willie.' She did what a Christian mother always does when her boy is in peril. She laid the matter before the Lord and prayed all night. Next morning she said, 'Father, I must go to Willie, I must.' 'Well, wife,' he said, 'I do not know what will come of this. I am fearful, but if you will go, there is the money.' She hastened to Washington. In the White House was a man with a heart as tender as a woman's, united to a purpose as set and irresistible as is the Mississippi river. She told her errand, and brushing away a tear, he handed her a paper, saying, 'There, Madam, that will take you to the enemy's lines, but what will become of you after you get there I cannot tell.' She started, reached the line,

and was challenged by a picket. She handed him the pass. He looked at it and at her and said, 'We don't take that here.' 'I know,' she said, 'but Willie, my boy, is dying in prison, and I am going to him. Now shoot!' He did not shoot, but stood awed, and hushed in the presence of a love that was invincible. Penetrating the lines, she reached the hospital. The surgeon said, 'Madam, you must be very careful, your boy will survive no excitement.' She crept past cot after cot and knelt at the foot of the one where her boy lay, and putting up her hands, prayed in smothered tones, 'O God, spare my boy.' The young man raised his white hands under the sheet. The sound of his mother's voice had gone clear down into the valley and shadow of death, where his soul was going out into the silent beyond. Raising his hands he said, 'Mother, I knew you would come.' 'Whatever else we may let go, whatever else may be swept from us in the rush of years, whatever doctrines may drop out of creed, whatever changes may come in Biblical interpretation, or in church administration, let us hold on to this great central truth of truths that God is love, and hence, love can never fail. There are a thousand things which I cannot understand. Theories and theorizers go and philosophers often dip away into shadow lands which I cannot explore. But never shall I cease to believe that my life and your life are over-arched and under-girded by the love of God. Never shall I surrender the conviction that love immortal beats about us as the ocean laves the beach of the island which it holds to its bosom; that, though the heavens may fall, and the earth burn, and the judgment thunder, and eternity roll, still we are encompassed by that love that flamed out in Jesus Christ and crystallized on Calvary. This was the thought that calmed the heart of our own Whittier when he sang: 'I know not where his islands lie Their fringed palms in air, I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care.' Indispensable, invincible, immortal—that is the truth of love, the top-most, bottom-most, innermost, outermost fact of the universe. How can we best respond to that heart of love? How best recognize the goodness that has gone before us. What can we give to him who possesses all things? 'What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits?' No wonder we stop when we ask these questions, and cease trying to solve the problem. But did not Will Carleton think clear through and reach the right conclusion when he asked and then answered the question? 'The God above! What can we say Or do, with eyes so dim To make this Thursday-Sabbath day Thanksgiving day to him? What love, through grace and beauty clad, Can thrill to him impart? It may wrench our thought—to turn from our personal mercies—the love that has hallowed our homes—the aegis that has been held before our community life, and abruptly give our attention to the broader field of national life. But this has always been uppermost in my thought on Thanksgiving day as the years have come and gone, and I have heard from beyond the stars the voice saying, 'Open ye the gates that the righteous nation that keepeth truth may enter in.' 'Tis the proclamation of the President of the United States that calls us to our places of worship—and 'tis here always patriotic fervor burns at white heat. With the wisdom of maturer years, I have no desire to change this custom, or dampen that patriotic fervor, or change the tenor of the message. Patriotism and religion, in my conception of them, are indistinguishably linked—linked to the thought and purpose of God. 'What God has joined together let no man put asunder.' There is a special reason why our thought should be given to the national theme to-day—why the national anthem should burn within our hearts, and leap in hot flames from our tongues. We talk about America as a world-power—and it has become such. But a world power in a sense far beyond our dreams. No country on the face of the earth is exerting the influence on the world that the U. S. A. is doing to-day. No flag commands the universal salute as does ours. I speak it not boastfully—I speak it reverently—I speak it hopefully—I speak it with the prayer upon my lips: 'God save the State!'

God give to us high ideals, and help us, at any cost, to realize them for the sake of the world! For our ideals are sooner or later to become the ideals of the world. The changes that are taking place everywhere are marvelous—and following each other with a rapidity that is simply startling. Within a year, yonder in the land of the 'unspokeable Turk' a constitution was born granting political and religious liberty where before no one had dared to whisper

the word "liberty." The scenes immediately following it were indescribable. One who was in that land told this week of multitudes of young men in that country who within twelve hours of the granting of that constitution spoke to thousands and tens of thousands of what liberty meant with an eloquence that stirred the popular heart. The young man, tall, soldierly, calm, but intensely in earnest, who led the revolution that resulted in dethroning the brilliant, unscrupulous Sultan, one of the greatest rulers that ever sat on a throne, spoke recently in one of our Protestant churches—spoke from the pulpit; then visited one of our missionary schools, and then said, and the words are most significant: 'When we introduce an educational system into Turkey, it will be modeled after the American school.' China, that for centuries had lived its life untouched by the outside world, is looking to America to guide her in her political, educational, and religious revolution, for 'tis nothing less than that of one of God's greatest miracles, that will lead God only knows whither!

The unselfishness of our government in returning the Boxer rebellion indemnity fund has touched a chord in China's heart that vibrates. Korea will first become a Christian nation of these eastern countries—Korea once the hermit nation. Japan in spite of the yellow journals feels the power of American ideals, and is rapidly incorporating them. No wonder 850 men most of them business men, the foremost business and professional men have met in Scranton to listen to the call from the world-wide field, for the King's business require haste, and we must strike while the iron is hot on the anvil. Seventy-five such gatherings of laymen are to be held all over our land that an army of invasion may be sent to win these lands for Christ. Meanwhile much hangs on our own national life remaining true to the ideals of the fathers. Not for our own sake alone, but for the sake of this wide world which belongs to Jesus Christ. And he is to come to his own. I verily believe by the way of the S. A. Do you not hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the great army of God's angels with the wings of the angels? It is in this life, this missionary life kindled at Christ's cross that has been fused the one church. Our great peril as a nation is that we may lose our ideals, and so lose our regenerating influence. There lies our greatest national peril. This dry-rot of commercialism honeycombs our free institutions and threatens to bring to naught that vast and critical experiment of democracy and representative government which, in the providence of God, we are set to try for the human race. Meanwhile, what is the church doing about the matter? Once in a while she recognizes her duty and faces it, but the church for the most part preserves a discreet silence. Her watchmen refrain their voices though the enemy march with banners to assault the walls of the city of God. The church has a disintegrated conscience. It is "long" on piety, but desperately "short" on civic righteousness. What should the church do? Just what its Master and Founder did. He connected his religion as immediately with the commonest and most secular affairs of life as with its acts of piety. He made common honesty, justice, truthfulness, and integrity as much a part of the service of God as prayers and sacraments. And the Christian conscience still remains the life and inspirations of all civic and political reforms. If we will only let it have a free course to-day and not shut it up in any narrow, ecclesiastical compartments of our life, it will do the work of moral regeneration for our political and commercial world to-day. This is the paramount ethical business of the Christian church to-day—to let the Christian conscience out of the narrow limitations where we too often confine it, and give it its rightful sway over the whole common life of man. The church is to teach men to do business and to vote as they pray, in the fear of God; to go to the polls (as I have often said) or to the legislature halls as they go to the sacrament—in the fear of God. She is to speak as fearlessly from her pulpit against the evils of commercial dishonesty and political corruption as she does against any other evil, let it cost what it may in patronage, in gifts, or in social prestige. And until she does, she will not commend her religion as valid or virile to this age and generation. More than this, she is to sound in the ears of her young men of this generation, young men who are always ready to answer the call to chivalrous action, and even sacrifice, young men who still dream dreams and see visions. She is to sound in the ears of these young men the call to righteous political and honest commercial careers, and make that call as holy and imperative as the call to her ministry. There is no higher or higher sphere to-day for the best service of God and humanity for the

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"God give us men; times like these demand Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hand Men whom the lust of office does not kill, Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy, Men who possess opinions and a will Men who have honor—men who will not lie Men who can stand before a demagogue And draw his treacherous flatteries without winking, Tall men—sun-crowned, who live above the clouds, In public duty and in private thinking."

Here then lies the searching and final test of our modern Christianity. Can it produce such men to-day? Can it produce to-day the type of Christian who shall meet the needs of this age; the man of solid conscience who rings true whenever you strike him? It is for us each to answer that question. There is no greater question before the church to-day than this—America must become the ideal nation, that the ideal may sweep the world up to God. We owe our country the best we can possibly give. At the West Point Centennial observances, General Porter, in addressing the class about to go forth, said: "In closing, let me mention by way of illustration a most touching and instructive scene, which I once witnessed at the annual meeting in the great hall of the Sorbonne, in Paris, for the purpose of awarding medals of honor to those who had performed acts of conspicuous bravery in saving human lives at sea. A splendid crew of scarcely twenty men, was crowded onto a platform. The story was recounted of how one winter's night, when a fierce tempest was raging on the rive Normande coast, he saw signals of distress at sea, and started with his father, the captain of a small vessel, and the mate to attempt a rescue. A wave washed the father from the deck. The boy plunged into the seething, foaming, raging sea to save him, but his attempt was in vain and the father perished. The lad struggled back to the vessel to find that the mate had been swept overboard. Then lashing himself fast, he took the wheel and guided the boat with its cargo of precious human souls throughout the howling storm safely into port. The minister of public instruction, after paying a touching tribute to the boy's bravery, in a voice broken with emotion, pinned the medal to his breast, placed in his hands a diploma of honor and then seized the brave lad in his arms and imprinted a kiss on each cheek. For a moment the boy seemed dazed, not knowing which way to turn, as he stood there with the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks, while everyone in that vast audience wept in sympathy. Suddenly his eyes turned toward his old peasant mother, she to whom he owed his birth and his training, as she sat at the back of the platform with bended form and wearing her widow's cap. He rushed to her, took the medal from his breast and casting it and his diploma into her lap, threw himself on his knees at her feet.

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In speaking of the cathedral of our national life, Ambassador White said: "Day by day the structure rises, its foundations—great truths, far more lasting than mere granite; its pillars great rights, far more beautiful than mere prophesy; its roof, great hopes, swelling higher than any dome of bronze and gold. And from its summit shall come light, beaming brighter, flashing farther than any that ever flung into Serf's eyes from crown diamonds; for it shall reflect that light of liberty and justice which cometh from the very throne of the Almighty. All the blessings of our free institutions are ours because our nation has been true to high ideals—has suffered and sacrificed that she might be true to high ideals. We stand with uncovered heads before the flag—the banner of the free because eternal righteousness is written in blood across it. Appreciating as we must, all that the flag stands for, and the priceless privileges that are ours because of our training under the sacred influence of Civil and Re-

ligious Liberty; privileges that are ours because the mother has suffered to give them to us. Let us lay in her lap all we have to give. And write the record of personal loyalty, integrity—give her what she asks—the noblest, truest manhood. More than that, 'I believe,' says Dr. Coyle, 'that America was predestined in the wisdom of God to be the herald of this new liberty. I believe it has been given to her to be the leader in humanity's march from the swamps and lowlands of national friction, strife and conflict, from the dark valleys of race prejudice and hatred and animosity, from the social abysses of greed and lust and ambition up to the sunlit summits of concern and fraternity and justice. If then I am not mistaken as to the God-given mission of this Republic, if it is from first to last religious, we can see something of the responsibility that is laid upon our citizenship. To meet that responsibility, there must be the most ardent patriotism and the most loyal devotion to our Father's God. 'God and our country for all the earth should be our motto. With confidence in Him who planted this vine, with His name upon our coins, with his smile upon our institutions, with his spirit in our leaders and rulers.

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the word "liberty." The scenes immediately following it were indescribable. One who was in that land told this week of multitudes of young men in that country who within twelve hours of the granting of that constitution spoke to thousands and tens of thousands of what liberty meant with an eloquence that stirred the popular heart. The young man, tall, soldierly, calm, but intensely in earnest, who led the revolution that resulted in dethroning the brilliant, unscrupulous Sultan, one of the greatest rulers that ever sat on a throne, spoke recently in one of our Protestant churches—spoke from the pulpit; then visited one of our missionary schools, and then said, and the words are most significant: 'When we introduce an educational system into Turkey, it will be modeled after the American school.'

China, that for centuries had lived its life untouched by the outside world, is looking to America to guide her in her political, educational, and religious revolution, for 'tis nothing less than that of one of God's greatest miracles, that will lead God only knows whither!

The unselfishness of our government in returning the Boxer rebellion indemnity fund has touched a chord in China's heart that vibrates. Korea will first become a Christian nation of these eastern countries—Korea once the hermit nation. Japan in spite of the yellow journals feels the power of American ideals, and is rapidly incorporating them. No wonder 850 men most of them business men, the foremost business and professional men have met in Scranton to listen to the call from the world-wide field, for the King's business require haste, and we must strike while the iron is hot on the anvil. Seventy-five such gatherings of laymen are to be held all over our land that an army of invasion may be sent to win these lands for Christ. Meanwhile much hangs on our own national life remaining true to the ideals of the fathers. Not for our own sake alone, but for the sake of this wide world which belongs to Jesus Christ. And he is to come to his own. I verily believe by the way of the S. A. Do you not hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the great army of God's angels with the wings of the angels? It is in this life, this missionary life kindled at Christ's cross that has been fused the one church. Our great peril as a nation is that we may lose our ideals, and so lose our regenerating influence. There lies our greatest national peril. This dry-rot of commercialism honeycombs our free institutions and threatens to bring to naught that vast and critical experiment of democracy and representative government which, in the providence of God, we are set to try for the human race. Meanwhile, what is the church doing about the matter? Once in a while she recognizes her duty and faces it, but the church for the most part preserves a discreet silence. Her watchmen refrain their voices though the enemy march with banners to assault the walls of the city of God. The church has a disintegrated conscience. It is "long" on piety, but desperately "short" on civic righteousness. What should the church do? Just what its Master and Founder did. He connected his religion as immediately with the commonest and most secular affairs of life as with its acts of piety. He made common honesty, justice, truthfulness, and integrity as much a part of the service of God as prayers and sacraments. And the Christian conscience still remains the life and inspirations of all civic and political reforms. If we will only let it have a free course to-day and not shut it up in any narrow, ecclesiastical compartments of our life, it will do the work of moral regeneration for our political and commercial world to-day. This is the paramount ethical business of the Christian church to-day—to let the Christian conscience out of the narrow limitations where we too often confine it, and give it its rightful sway over the whole common life of man. The church is to teach men to do business and to vote as they pray, in the fear of God; to go to the polls (as I have often said) or to the legislature halls as they go to the sacrament—in the fear of God. She is to speak as fearlessly from her pulpit against the evils of commercial dishonesty and political corruption as she does against any other evil, let it cost what it may in patronage, in gifts, or in social prestige. And until she does, she will not commend her religion as valid or virile to this age and generation. More than this, she is to sound in the ears of her young men of this generation, young men who are always ready to answer the call to chivalrous action, and even sacrifice, young men who still dream dreams and see visions. She is to sound in the ears of these young men the call to righteous political and honest commercial careers, and make that call as holy and imperative as the call to her ministry. There is no higher or higher sphere to-day for the best service of God and humanity for the

consecrated man, the man of the highest principles and most delicately sensitive conscience, than this same sphere of business and politics. And there is none that is apter, if a man be true to his principles, to develop the strongest and noblest character, the finest heroism, the truest sainthood. These are the new quests for the new Knights of today, infinitely better than a crusade for the rescue of the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. This then is the call the church should lift up with trumpet voice in the ears of her youth.

"God give us men; times like these demand Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hand Men whom the lust of office does not kill, Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy, Men who possess opinions and a will Men who have honor—men who will not lie Men who can stand before a demagogue And draw his treacherous flatteries without winking, Tall men—sun-crowned, who live above the clouds, In public duty and in private thinking."

Here then lies the searching and final test of our modern Christianity. Can it produce such men to-day? Can it produce to-day the type of Christian who shall meet the needs of this age; the man of solid conscience who rings true whenever you strike him? It is for us each to answer that question. There is no greater question before the church to-day than this—America must become the ideal nation, that the ideal may sweep the world up to God. We owe our country the best we can possibly give. At the West Point Centennial observances, General Porter, in addressing the class about to go forth, said: "In closing, let me mention by way of illustration a most touching and instructive scene, which I once witnessed at the annual meeting in the great hall of the Sorbonne, in Paris, for the purpose of awarding medals of honor to those who had performed acts of conspicuous bravery in saving human lives at sea. A splendid crew of scarcely twenty men, was crowded onto a platform. The story was recounted of how one winter's night, when a fierce tempest was raging on the rive Normande coast, he saw signals of distress at sea, and started with his father, the captain of a small vessel, and the mate to attempt a rescue. A wave washed the father from the deck. The boy plunged into the seething, foaming, raging sea to save him, but his attempt was in vain and the father perished. The lad struggled back to the vessel to find that the mate had been swept overboard. Then lashing himself fast, he took the wheel and guided the boat with its cargo of precious human souls throughout the howling storm safely into port. The minister of public instruction, after paying a touching tribute to the boy's bravery, in a voice broken with emotion, pinned the medal to his breast, placed in his hands a diploma of honor and then seized the brave lad in his arms and imprinted a kiss on each cheek. For a moment the boy seemed dazed, not knowing which way to turn, as he stood there with the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks, while everyone in that vast audience wept in sympathy. Suddenly his eyes turned toward his old peasant mother, she to whom he owed his birth and his training, as she sat at the back of the platform with bended form and wearing her widow's cap. He rushed to her, took the medal from his breast and casting it and his diploma into her lap, threw himself on his knees at her feet.

"Men of West Point," said Gen. Porter, "in the honorable career which you have chosen, whatever laurels you may win, always be ready to lay them at the feet of your country, to which you owe your birth and your education."

In speaking of the cathedral of our national life, Ambassador White said: "Day by day the structure rises, its foundations—great truths, far more lasting than mere granite; its pillars great rights, far more beautiful than mere prophesy; its roof, great hopes, swelling higher than any dome of bronze and gold. And from its summit shall come light, beaming brighter, flashing farther than any that ever flung into Serf's eyes from crown diamonds; for it shall reflect that light of liberty and justice which cometh from the very throne of the Almighty. All the blessings of our free institutions are ours because our nation has been true to high ideals—has suffered and sacrificed that she might be true to high ideals. We stand with uncovered heads before the flag—the banner of the free because eternal righteousness is written in blood across it. Appreciating as we must, all that the flag stands for, and the priceless privileges that are ours because of our training under the sacred influence of Civil and Re-

ligious Liberty; privileges that are ours because the mother has suffered to give them to us. Let us lay in her lap all we have to give. And write the record of personal loyalty, integrity—give her what she asks—the noblest, truest manhood. More than that, 'I believe,' says Dr. Coyle, 'that America was predestined in the wisdom of God to be the herald of this new liberty. I believe it has been given to her to be the leader in humanity's march from the swamps and lowlands of national friction, strife and conflict, from the dark valleys of race prejudice and hatred and animosity, from the social abysses of greed and lust and ambition up to the sunlit summits of concern and fraternity and justice. If then I am not mistaken as to the God-given mission of this Republic, if it is from first to last religious, we can see something of the responsibility that is laid upon our citizenship. To meet that responsibility, there must be the most ardent patriotism and the most loyal devotion to our Father's God. 'God and our country for all the earth should be our motto. With confidence in Him who planted this vine, with His name upon our coins, with his smile upon our institutions, with his spirit in our leaders and rulers.

"We grid us for the coming fight, And stand in Him whose cause is ours, In conflict with unholy powers, We grasp the weapons He has given, The Light, the truth, the love of heaven."

Oh friends, let us once more light the candle of our devotion from fires on the altar of liberty—then burn and burn and burn to the socket!

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